THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

MORN AND EVE.

Far and away beyond our sight,
In the shadow-land 'twixt day and night,
Standeth a palace of pure delight.

None have ever its portals seen,
None might live 'neath the magic sheen
Showered from the crown of its sleepless queen.

Waiting her will, around her stand
Swift-winged dreams, till her lifted hand
Points their way to the lower land.

Some to the Eastern gate must go—
Pass by the path of dawn to sow
Hopes in the heart of the world below.

Westward some of them wing their way--
Pass through the twilight gate to say
Quiet words to the tired day.

So it is that the early morn
Whispers comfort to hearts forlorn,
Binding wounds that the night has torn.

So it is that the dusky eve,
Unto spirits that strive and grieve,
Constant pledges of rest doth breathe.

—Percy C. Ainsworth.

Pacific Theological Seminary

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

A WORLD TEMPLE.

The appeal of the Rev. Dr. Aked of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco to the people of the city, without regard to denomination or creed, for aid in the erection of a new church edifice commensurate with the need is well-grounded. Distinctively, located on the present site, the church is to be for all San Francisco. And not only for all San Francisco so far as the individual spiritual needs of her citizens are concerned, but it is to be something spiritual offered by San Francisco to the thousands of people from other parts of the world who annually pass through the city and who in their travels stop here for a few hours or days or weeks. Here in this great world city, close to the paths of business and amusement, there should be built a temple of religion in which ever there should be heard from one of the world's most persuasive preachers the message of righteousness. Men of wealth as well as men of moderate means in San Francisco can do nothing that will give better results for their city and the world than participation in the work of placing in the heart of the down-town section such an edifice as will make it possible for the First Congregational Church to so order its operations as to make there a commanding influence for the whole city, for the whole state, for the whole continent, for the whole world.

HOW SHALL WE GET THE MOST HUMANENESS?

The statistics for ten years previous to 1910 show that the number of homicides in San Francisco per 100,000 of population was 11.2. In New York City it was only 5.1; in Chicago 8.4; in Cincinnati 9.4; in Pittsburg 4.9; in Philadelphia 3.7; in Baltimore 4; in Washington 6.8.

Here is something for the serious consideration of the persons who are working for the abolishment of capital punishment in California. We heard a prominent professor in Pomona College make the prediction recently that the scenes of the Vigilance Committee days would be reenacted in California if capital punishment were abolished.

These figures at least suggest that there is somewhat more danger from such radical legislation here than elsewhere. While it is true that a large number of homicides are committed when men are in such condition that they have no thought of the legal consequences, yet we regard as preponderant the evidence that capital punishment is a deterrent. It is not pleasant of course to contemplate the taking of life by the state. But to the charge that "it isn't humane," it can be replied "neither is murder humane." And the problem is how to get the most humaneness into life.

Inasmuch as the saloon is largely responsible for homicides it is our judgment that concentration of effort against that, and its speedy extinction, would be the most humane work in which the people of California could engage.

IS IT WORKABLE?

It is well to ask this question concerning every so-called humanitarian movement. Not every plan is workable, and in its outcome may be quite other than humanitarian.

We have been watching with much interest the working of the plan of treatment, adopted by Governor West of Oregon a few years ago, of the prisoners in the penitentiary at Salem. It does not seem to have been a success. According to statistics given out a few days ago fifty-eight of the men who have been allowed to work outside the prison have escaped during the last two years, and forty of these were "honor men"—that is men who worked unguarded. An article in The Oregonian makes the statement that this number does not include those who have been caught and returned to the prison

Governor West has been lavish in his kindness and on the average ninety persons have been outside the prison walls every month.

VALUABLE INSIDE INFORMATION.

In an article in the San Francisco Bulletin of last Saturday, Pauline Jacobson, a member of the editorial staff, wrote of Mr. Fremont Older, the editor: "Much like Roosevelt he possesses the same tendency to translate everything into action, even half-grown truths."

This is interesting indeed! Mr. Roosevelt aside, let us consider the statement as it relates to Mr. Older and some of the things championed by him in The Bulletin. Miss Jacobson stands in close relation to him and ought to know him pretty well; and this statement along with other startling ones in connection comes out unchallenged by Mr. Older.

Miss Jacobson's article tells the story of Older's first visit to Reuf at San Quentin to extend to him a helping hand and the process which led him to this. She says:

"For years he had been filled with implacable hatred of Reuf. He had talked nothing, thought nothing but hatred. He had eaten up hatred of Reuf with his food. He had lain awake nights thinking how to humiliate him, how to break him down, how to make him suffer. 'Do you remember,' he said to me not long ago, 'how angry I used to get because you did not hate as I did?'"

In laying down orders for his employees while the Reuf trial was on, and all along until the gates of San Quentin closed on him Miss Jacobson states that "Reuf must always be painted in stripes, or with the devil's horns, and with our pens steeped in pitiless invectives. No middle ground ever satisfied Older. Those who refused were relegated to the background."

But with Reuf secure in San Quentin we are told that

the seed sown in Older's mind by the books by Plato, Emerson, Tolstoy and others, into which he dipped heavily in those exciting times, came to fruitage, and soon he made his way to San Quentin to give a gleam of hope to the man whom he had fought with such tiger-like ferocity.

With Miss Jacobson's declaration before us as to Mr. Older's tendency to translate even half-grown truths into action, and the celerity with which he jumps from one position to another quite evident, we are wondering whether he is a sane and safe moulder of public sentiment. We are living in an era when half-baked ideas and plans for amelioration may work immeasurable damage.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

About 96 per cent of the labor vote in Arizona was cast for woman suffrage. Every county in the state gave a majority for equal suffrage.

Recently a California man who voted against woman suffrage remarked: "I regret that I voted that way. I find women in general as keen of judgment and as thoroughly alive to public interests as the men are."

A San Francisco Baptist writes to "The Pacific Baptist" of the success of the Rev. Dr. Aked's ministry in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, and remarks: "I may not agree with his theology, but I believe in the man."

The chief registration clerk in Seattle thinks that it is easier to register women for voting than it is to register men. He is quoted as saying: "The ladies seem to know just what to do when they enter the room and they go about it in a business-like way. It is seldom any of them ask an unnecessary question."

Will the Rev. Dr. Aked ever again be asked to speak at a Chamber of Commerce banquet in San Francisco? Does he deserve to be asked? Are our readers wondering why such a question as this? Well Dr. Aked said some very glowing things concerning San Francisco at the meeting Monday night. But in the midst of all that was so delightful to the brilliant assemblage he told the representative men gathered there that they ought to clean up the Barbary Coast; that they could do it; and that it was up to them to do it, for no one else could do it. Lowering faces showed that many didn't like it; and afterward there was free expression of opinion that the banquet was not the place for such words. However Dr. Aked was courageous enough to utter them. Considerable thundering will have to be done to bring about effective action as to the Barbary Coast. Now that a Chicago chief policeman has said that conditions are worse here than in any other city it behooves such men as were at that Chamber of Commerce banquet to act at once. Yes, Dr. Aked should be asked to speak again. Ordinarily it isn't the thing to introduce such matters as Dr. Aked did; but something out of the ordinary seems to be needed in San Francisco.

The Rev. Dr. Van Horn of Plymouth Church, Seattle, states that the attendance during the year in the new church totals 125,000. He states also that at the Hippodrome dance hall near by the attendance during the last five months has been 175,000. Dr. Van Horn says further that there are in the district bounded by Yesler Way, Ninth avenue, Stewart street and the water front between 10,000 and 15,000 people above the age of 12, enough to fill every church and theater in the district. A mailing list has been compiled containing the names of 4,400 registered voters in the district within five blocks of Plymouth Church and invitation to the church services has been extended to all. The Post-Intelligencer, Seattle's leading daily paper, comments as follows on the attendance at church and dance hall: "That one church, which has far more competition than any dance hall should minister to the spiritual needs of 125,000 within a year is a hopeful fact in these times when church-going is said to be sadly on the wane. There are many churches in Seattle, but comparatively few public dance halls; and regarding the matter from a strictly competitive viewpoint the one church did exceedingly well and has reason to be proud." The Post-Intelligencer says further: "Church-going is an acquired taste, the result of training and serious thought. No little boy likes to go to church, but any little boy will gladly go where there are music and dancing. The church has the handicap of the natural bent to overcome before it can deflect the little boy, grown big, from the dance to the church. Then, too, there are many who go both to the dance and the church, so it cannot be said that the dance figures represent a total loss to the church of attendance."

A pastor of a Washington church went not long ago to a lumber camp with the hope that by a few weeks of roughing it he could regain lost health. He tells in The Pacific Baptist some of his experiences. When he reached the camp not a Christian man could be found. He says: For a few days they were rather distant, not knowing what to make of a preacher in camp. But after a while they began asking me a great many questions about the Bible and stating their opinion about the church and Christianity. They got to coming into my tent singly and in groups and I had many earnest talks with them. Hardly an evening went by that I did not visit them in their tents and the usual topic of conversation was God and the Bible. One evening I went into a tent where a card game was in progress. I had with me that excellent book, "Twice Born Men," and asked if they would let me read it to them. The cards were immediately swept aside while I read the thrilling first chapter, "The Puncher." This was not the only time I had read to them from that book. On another occasion I read to them from the New Testament. I read about the Good Shepherd and the crucifixion and the resurrection. Sitting opposite me, astraddle of the same bench on which I sat, was a young German who claimed to be an Anarchist. As I loked up from my reading his eyes looked very tender and he said, "That sounds good." He often asked me to sing Gospel songs. One evening he sang in German that very beautiful song, "Our God, We Love Thee." When through he remarked, "That is ts first time in years that I sang a religious song." Sailor Joe asked if the Bible did not say that Jesus was coming again. I immediately turned to John 14:3, where Jesus says, "I will come again." But the Anarchist said, "He is coming in spirit." Again I opened my Testament and read in Acts where the angel said, "He will so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." And thus throughout the rest of the evening I answered their many questions by reading passages from the New Testament. As I bade them goodnight Sailor Joe said, "I think you done us good." Dear men, how my heart goes out to them So few of them have homes and their temptations are many. It was very noticeable that swearing and rough talk diminished greatly after I had been among them for a while. God grant that the good seed sown in their hearts

may bring forth fruit unto eternal life. Never in my life did I work more earnestly for the Master than during the past seven weeks.

A CITY CREED.

Last Sunday's calendar of the First Congregational Church of Oakland contained the following, to which were affixed the initials "H. A. J."

"I believe in the City of Opportunity.—May her doors of privilege be open to rich and poor alike. May her highways of industry be traveled by happy employers and contented employes walking side by side. May the toiler always find a worthy task awaiting him, and the man of wealth always seek possibilities of gain that shall become channels of social service.

"I believe in the City over against the Hills.—May the clear air from the high places descend into her streets, giving to her business men bold vigor, to her women serene health worthy of transmission to future generations, to her boys and girls an unfading zest both for play and serious endeavor.

"I believe in the City with a Climate for Strong Men.—May industry increase, but not at the expense of the human. May achievements be multiplied, but not at the cost of a decaying family-life. May men look unafraid upon battle, if the battle be a struggle against injustice or corruption or brutality.

"I believe in the City of Old-fashioned Homes.—May children ever be esteemed a more precious possession than dollars. May the mutual love of husband and wife burn with an unwavering romantic flame. May mothers seek no keener joys than those which hover over the cradle. May fathers glory in the paternal responsibilities that are ineffably more rewarding than trade.

"I believe in the City facing Awakened Races.—May the rejuvenated peoples across the Pacific summon us not only to commercial ambition, but may they stir discontent within us until we have given to their needy life the moral and spiritual best of our western civilization.

"I believe in the City of the Cosmopolitan American.—By the laws and life of a democracy may our population be compounded out of the human material which all the noble nations of the world have contributed to us. And may the social mood be ever fraternal and never racially suspicious.

"I believe in the City of Brave Dreams.—May we ever greet the Splendid Future before she knocks at our doors. May we jubilantly undertake the apparently impossible. May we revel in the solitude of the pioneer if the new territory is really worth conquering. And may we ever see our visions in civic dimensions, and cast our ideals in the mold of our total municipal life."

President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary returned last week from a trip East, having been gone about two months.

Secretary Wikoff of the Church Building Society is expected to return from New England in a few days, where he has been for the last two months assisting in a campaign for funds for the society.

Forefathers' Day will be celebrated by the Congregational Club of the bay cities, December the 20th. Meeting will be at Plymouth Center, Oakland. Address by President Blaisdell of Pomona College.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NOTES.

Hamilton College has decided that poor spellers will not be given a diploma. Recently in the department of economics one student's paper showed 204 mistakes in spelling.

A medical examination of the 814 freshmen in the University of Michigan showed that 227 had eye troubles, 331 nasal, 110 diseased tonsils, 89 adenoids, 87 curvature of the spine, 25 enlarged hearts, 64 ear troubles.

Oberlin College now has a vocational secretary for the young women of the college. Dr. Emily Sinclair, associate professor of mathematics, has been so designated. She will make a special study of the opportunities other than teaching which are now open to young women in business and professional life in this country, and will direct students in the ways for which they are best adapted.

A series of lectures on journalism is being given at Columbia University. Topics and speakers: "Newspaper Value of Non-Essentials," Edward P. Mitchell, of the New York Sun. "The Presentation of News," Carr V. Van Anda, of the New York Times. "Accuracy in Journalism," Ralph Pulitzer, of the New York World. "The Truth in the News," Ida M. Tarbell, of the American Magazine. "Newspaper Power and How to Direct It," George S. Johns, of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. "Art and Conscience in Newspaper Making," Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield Republican.

One million dollars is being spent for new buildings by the University of Chicago. It has often been said that no American university can approach the University of Chicago in beauty of buildings. The Gothic architecture, the uniformity, and the solidarity of the gray edifices make of them the most harmonious and lovely group of college buildings in this country. Modeled for the most part on the Gothic style of architecture, after the buildings at Oxford, the buildings combine ancient beauty as to exterior with modern utility as to interior. In every case the buildings are built with an eye to the use to which each building is to put.

Professer George Herbert Palmer has been chosen to represent Harvard University at four Western colleges during the second half-year. The relation which Harvard maintains with these four institutions—Colorado College, Beloit College, Wisconsin, Grinnell College, Iowa, and Knox College, Illinois—was established last year at the instance of the Western colleges, which send each an instructor or graduate student to Harvard and receive in return the services of one of the Harvard professors. Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart was the first Harvard faculty member to carry out the exchange. Professor Palmer will give at each of the four colleges, for one month each, a course of twelve lectures on the "Problem of Duty," and will also give a course of eight public lectures in each college town on "Types of English Poetry." The men who come to Harvard in exchange give part of their time to instruction in the various courses, and part to work as students in the graduate school. In its first year the plan proved quite satisfactory, and promises to become a strong link in binding Harvard to the Western States.

The Dean of Women of the University of Cincinnati in a recent discussion of college women as wives said: "The real question is not 'Does a college education fit women

to be better wives?' but 'Does it fit them to be better human beings?' The answer is, 'Yes, by all means.' In this advanced day and age higher training, in almost any line the women may undertake, is practically indepensable. The housekeeper can no longer afford to experiment with her materials. Food is far too expensive for that. She must have scientific training enough to know just what foods are cheapest and most nutritious and what way to prepare them most healthfully and appetizingly. She must also know enough of sanitary conditions to keep her home clean and well ventilated. Efficient training is essential to keep up to the present day standard. If the woman has reared her family and feels foot loose enough to undertake the broader duties of helping her less fortunate sister rear theirs, still her higher training is necessary. Women have always been leaders in social service. Charitable and philanthropic work is conceded by men especially, to be most capably performed by women. To do the research and investigation and to do it with the insight, tact, and lack of sentimentality required, women should have a definite and thorough education in political science and economics, so that their activities may be built upon a sound basis. For all women should be aware that they have a distinct and valuable work to do for the homes of the community. Their own homes are only safe in so far as they contribute to the welfare of less fortunate homes. Men and women are working together more and more in the home and in society. Men are coming to value the directness, simplicity, breadth of view and tolerance which a higher education develops. Since, in later years, colleges recognizing woman's work to be professional in the home as well as in the business world, are offering courses in the household arts and sciences, thoughtful men are awakening to the realization that the greatest factor in a home is a trained, intelligent woman, not the man's idol or slave, but his coadjutor and partner."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Dr. Wiley, former chief of the United States bureau of chemistry, says that the reforms toward simpler living must come from the women.

Rabbi Wise of New York City announces a series of lectures on "The Life, Teachings, and Death of Jesus," with topics as follows: "The Death of Jesus: the Crucifixion," "Who Were and Are the Pharisees?" and "What Should Be the Attitude of the Jews Towards Jesus?"

A New York minister says that in visiting a certain Settlement in that city not long ago he found a group of boys facing an empty chair. To his question, "What are you doing?" one replied, "Waiting for a leader." In that connection the preacher remarked to his people: "If ever a region was ready for a practical proof of God's fatherhood that region is the East Side."

The Cornell student who lives on 85 cents a week has all that anyone needs to eat to sustain life. He has selected wisely: Oatmeal, lentils, raisins, apples, stale bread, peanut butter, skimmed milk and buttermilk. Forty-three dollars and sixty cents a year! On such a diet he is sure to have better health than the man who spends forty-three dollars and sixty cents a month.

Woodrow Wilson, the president-elect of the United States, said not long ago in an address to preachers: "The analytical and doubtful processes of our pulpits cool the process of belief and chill the power of acceptance. Will you believe the preaching of a man who does not himself believe? Youth is moulded by authority. What really gives authority for any utterance in or out of the pulpit is conviction; not words of the lips, but of the heart. Nothing impresses the young so much as a kind of earnestness that means business. I believe we have substituted a lot of music and entertainment in our church exercises because we've no belief in the deeper things. If music is substituted for the word of God, we are admitting that the word of God is not efficacious and cannot stand by itself."

James Milne, an Englishman, has written an interesting book on America entitled "John Jonathan and Company." The editor of the British Weekly says that since the day when G. W. Stevens wrote his "Land of the Dollar" there has been no truer appreciation of American opinion, none more piercing in its insight, none animated with a more friendly spirit. We quote from Mr. Nicoll, of the British Weekly: "The reader will find here very wise appreciations of the American political situation, and the best description I have ever seen of Fifth avenue and many other things. But it is with the American woman as contrasted with the English woman that he is most concerned. He can write about Mr. Bryce, and Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. Taft, and Abraham Lincoln, and the American business man, but it is with the women of the country, 'its soul kepers, the flower and bloom of the nation,' that he is really engrossed. In his view American men are all devotion and chivalry to their women. They slave for them from morning till night, and they refuse them nothing except companionship. The real, the urgent, woman question in America is that. The women have wit and sparkle and cajolery. They shine in the give-and-take of after-dinner conversation. But the best kind of comradeship is absent. The American man does not as yet fully appreciate his treasures. On this subject we find much that is highly suggestive, and some things that may be provocative, and nothing that is not interesting. On the general comparison between British life and American life Mr. Milne expresses himself with his usual terseness. 'America is a wonderful workshop and a magnificent arena for any man's talent, especially for him who would be king in money and the power of money, but give me England for the quiet life.' "

WHAT SHALL WE TEACH OUR CHILDREN ABOUT SANTA CLAUS.

The Rev. J. B. Sunderland considers the foregoing question in an admirable manner in The Christian Register. We give his article in part:

He little understands the child heart, the child imagination, the rich and sincere child nature, who thinks that to make childhood bright and glad we need to trick it, or tell it falsehoods, even at Christmas. He knows little of child psychology who supposes that in order to give to childhood the most glorious possible Christmas fun over stockings hung up and laded Christmas trees, Santa Claus with his long white beard, his eyes twinkling with glee and his reindeers, we need to deceive them into believing what is not true.

The real question to be decided by us all regarding Christmas and Santa Claus is, Shall we ignorantly and stupidly try to make them believe that fiction is fact, or shall we give them fiction as fiction, and introduce them into

the mysteries and delights of a great and wonderful drama, letting them have the joy of knowing that it is a drama?

It is false ethics to believe that deception of children is ever harmless. It is equally false psychology to suppose that the way to cultivate imagination in children, or to give them joy, is to ignore or attempt to destroy the dramatic element, the "play-that-things-are-so" element, in their natures, as we do ignore or attempt to destroy it, when we stupidly teach them that such fascinating play creatures as fairies and giants are real existences, or that such a glorious play character as Santa Claus is an actual person like John Smith.

Children like nothing so well as to play that things are other than they are. Nothing gives them more pleasure than to play that they themselves are what they know they are not, as, for example, bears, wolves, dogs, horses, elephants, or monkeys, and to chase one another about as these animals do. In the same way they delight in playing that they are their fathers going to business, or their mothers cooking or making calls, or doctors prescribing medicine to patients, or clergymen preaching from pulpits, or policemen parading in uniform, or soldiers marching to battle, or liverymen driving coaches, or candy men selling candy, or sailors on their ships at sea. So, too, they find unfailing happiness in letting their fancy transform dolls into queens and great ladies, bits of bright paper into gold pieces and precious gems, walking sticks into horses on which they ride with all the pride of princes, chairs into automobiles or trains of cars, piles of blocks into houses, churches, castles, forts, bridges and towns.

All this playing which they do is honest; there is no deception about it, because they engage in it as play or acting. It is the fact that they are consciously creating new and strange things, new and strange situations, fragments of new and strange worlds other than the real, that gives to what they do its charm. The charm would be broken if any attempt were made by parents or others to deceive them or make them believe that they really are the grown-up men and women, or the animals, which for the time being they imagine themselves to be, or that their blocks and chairs actually are what their fancy represents.

All this throws light upon our Santa Claus problem.

To delight children we need above everything else to cultivate in them the dramatic instinct, the acting instinct, the "play-that-things-are-so" instinct; that is, we must cultivate their imaginations.

But how can this be done? The imagination of children is only very slightly touched by teaching them facts as facts, or by representing as facts things that are not. Indeed facts as such, of whatever kind, hardly affect the imagination at all, their appeal is to quite other faculties of the mind. This means that the imagination is only very slightly awakened or cultivated or reached by teaching children such things as that Santa Claus is an actual character,—an actual man who lives at the North Pole, who rides in an actual sled over houses, and actually comes down chimneys. We thus simply put him into a class with Mr. Wright who does actually fly over houses in his flying-machine, or with John Smith who actually comes down the chimney to sweep it when it is clogged with soot.

The chief feeling we awaken in children by such teaching is curiosity to know whether what we say is true or not, whether we are tricking and deceiving them or not. Their imagination is touched hardly at all.

But, if we let them understand from the beginning that Santa Claus and his North Pole and his riding over the houses in a sled drawn by reindeers, and his coming down chimneys is all a wonderful and mysterious piece of fun, a great, splendid, funny play, which not only father and mother, but men and women and children all over the country and all over the Christian world join in getting up and carrying on every Christmas, then we open to them a great and enchanting fairy world, a wonder-world, a drama-world, a world of the imagination, into which they enter with the greatest eagerness, and in which they find the wildest and most unending delight. And now all is honest; there does not come a time later on when they are hurt by finding out that they have been deceived.

It is with Santa Claus as with all child-stories which appeal to the imagination. To make sure that children will enjoy the story of the "Three bears and "Goldilocks" we do not have to tell them that there really were three such bears as the story represents, which actually lived in a house, and ate with spoons, and slept in beds, and sat in chairs and talked. That would only perplex them. It is the make-believe bears, the imagination bears, it is playing sit in chairs, and playing talk, that they see fun in and enjoy. If we told our children that there was a real "Puss in Boots" that actually took steps three leagues long, and an actual "Jack" who climbed and actual "Bean Stalk," and a real "Cow" that jumped over the real "Moon," and a real "Brother Rabbit" that talked to the other animals and played tricks on them, it would not increase their enjoyment; it would puzzle their poor little minds; it would mix up truth and falsehood in utter confusion in their thoughts; and it would make them believe that we were intentionally lying to them.

The delight which children find in these stories is in knowing that they are just stories; it is in being taken into a new world—into just a play world, which is understood not to be a real world at all. The fun is in getting out of this real world into a world which the story-teller has created, and which the child by listening to and enjoying the story is helping to create. The fun is in living in a world strange and new, which he knows is not the actual. This gives to the child the greatest possible delight, while at the same time it stimulates the imagination in the highest degree.

This is true culture of the imagination. This is proceeding in harmony with true child-psychology. Last, but not least, this leaves the child morally uninjured: it does not take advantage of his ignorance and his trusting nature to deceive him.

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

The Massacre at Panama.

A feeling of hatred of the "Yankees" had long been growing in the hearts of the natives, and not without cause. Added to the dislike which all Latin Americans have for the citizens of the U. S. A., these people resented the brutal conduct of too many of the strangers from many lands, but classed by the natives as "Americans" who treated them as inferiors and hardly human beings. Most of the passengers were well disposed and well behaved people, but the 'roughs" among them who cared for neither God nor men, gave reputation to the whole. The desire for revenge grew strong and was fostered by the Spanish newspapers, and an outbreak was imminent. At this time

passengers from three steamers were in Panama, and some trouble occurred every day The immediate cause was a trifle. A passenger bought a little fruit from a native woman and tendered for it a smooth dime which she refused to accept. The brutal fellow was enraged and drew his pistol as if to shoot her. She ran away screaming, and in a few minutes a mob gathered, armed with machetes or any weapons they could get hold of and rushed upon the crowd of innocent strangers, some of whom were beaten down, while most ran for refuge into the passenger depot of the railroad company. Tidings of the outbreak soon reached the city, and thousands rushed out to swell the mob. The officials of the railroad sent a hurried call for the police. They were soon on the ground, but instead of trying to disperse the mob, they, by orders of their chief, made a deadly assault on the defenceless passengers, huddled in the depot. As this was a simple enclosure of inch boards of California redwood, and the police were armed with "queen's arm" muskets carrying ounce balls, it was no protection. They formed in double file and kept up a constant firing at their invisible and unresisting victims. The women and children crouched on the floor and few of them were shot, but the men standing and walking about received the ounce bullets in their heads and breasts, as they occupied higher ground than the police. Some tried to defend themselves with pistols, but as they could not see their adversaries, they harmed no one. At last the passengers made a break for a steam tug lying at the end of the wharf. By this time city officials were on the ground and stoped the fatal work of the enraged police.

In this murderous official slaughter, twelve persons were killed outright, and others were fatally wounded. Among the badly wounded was an Episcopal clergyman, named Sellwood, who, by patient nursing for weeks, recovered and afterwards did good service for the Master in Oregon. My wife did all she could for him in his tedious illness.

Late that night word came to me that wounded men in the depot needed my counsel, and though I knew that a mad and drunken crowd were in the way, I went down, alone and unarmed. But they all knew the "Protestant priest," and though one of the hated Yankees, they respected my office, the crowd parted right and left, and let me go through without even an insulting word. This was one of many times, while I lived in Panama, that I put my life in my hand, going from place to place, but never received any harm from those, some of whom would have been glad to kill me had they dared.

The Spanish papers of the city gloated over the 'just revenge" executed on the hated Yankees, but the state of New Granada (now Colombia) was called to account by our government and compelled to pay roundly for their unlawful work, and compensation, as far as possible, was made to innocent sufferers. Many times while living on the Isthmus, my hot indignation was roused by the gross ill treatment of natives by the baseborn brutes among the crowds of well behaved passengers, and I fully expected to see a tragedy like this. But those natives were hardly capable of concerted action, and on this occasion were roused to frenzied action by a sudden impulse without plan. No great harm would have been done by the mob, without the unlawful action of those whose duty it was to prevent disorder. "But God who taketh vengeance is not unrighteous." But what a pity it is that in all such work of his, more innocent than guilty ones have to bear the penalty. For illustration, read the history of our civil war in the sixties.

A CHINESE REFORM PROGRAM.

A Social Reform Association was organized not long ago in China. It is headed by such distinguished persons as Premier Tang Shao Yi; by the minister of education, the minister of agriculture and others of high standing.

When the organization was made different leaders were asked to make suggestions as to reforms that should be inaugurated. The following indicate the trend of things in the new republic, coming as they do from men of wide influence:

1. Do not lead immoral lives.
2. Do not take concubines.
3. Advocate independent holding of property after coming to age.
4. Cultivate dependence on self, not on friends and on relatives.
5. Accord full equality between men and women.
6. Prohibit early marriage.
7. Advocate marriage by choice (as against match-making by parents and go-betweens).
8. Recognize the right of divorce.
9. Recognize the right of re-marriage.
10. Put no ban on illegitimate children.
11. Advocate small families.
12. Prohibit carnal punishment on children.
13. Treat servants kindly.
14. Abolish foot-binding, wearing of earrings, and face-painting.
16. Do not gamble.
17. Receive no gifts while holding official positions.
18. Be simple and economical in all entertainments.
19. No gifts for the new years, and no expensive gifts for marriage, birth, and demise.
20. Advocate the giving of private property to benefit the public.
21. No superstitious and extravagant expenditure for marriages and funerals.
22. Advocate quiet and heartfelt mourning in place of vociferous lamentation.
23. No superstitious processions and practices.
24. Prohibit idols and images.
25. Prohibit geomancy or other forms of divination.
26. Prohibit appetites that are harmful to health, (such as smoking, drinking, etc.).
27. Wearing aparel should be plain.
28. Cultivate pure and clean habits.
29. Do nothing to harm the public (such as spitting, etc.)
30. Do not swear, clamour, or act ungentlemanly.
31. Advocate public graveyards.
33. Prohibit indecent advertisements.

Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly toward an object and in no measure obtained it?—Thoreau.

To mourn a mischief which is past and gone
Is the next way to draw more mischiefs on.
—Shakespeare.

A REPLY TO THE ADDRESS ON "THE MINISTRY FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF THE PEW."

Noah C. Gause.

(The address to which the following is a reply was given by Mr. I. H. Morse of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco at the annual meeting of the Northern California Conference at Pacific Grove, and was published in "The Pacific" on the 15th of November, 1912.)

It was with much interest that I read this address by Mr. Morse. First, because I know it to be an earnest expression of an honest conviction; second, because I personally honor and appreciate an able layman such as we know Mr. Morse to be; and finally, because, while agreeing in part, I found myself, at many points, out of harmony with the trend of thought in the address. I, therefore, with the courtesy of The Pacific, venture a humble reply; not in the spirit of controversy, but for the sake of what is truth to me and possibly to others.

I am not one who believes that "Employers exist only to by the modern industrial system. Since Mr. Morse states that "it is the province of the preacher to sift out and to bring to his congregation the facts as they really are," I will take advantage of this opportunity to do so, trusting for a larger hearing than the average congregation.

I shall not be dependent upon the statements of the "petty politician and the labor leader," who thus hope to escape being classed among "imitators" who denounce things of which they have no knowledge." I have made much first-hand personal investigation in industrial centers throughout this country, but shall rely upon authentic reports for the assertions herein contained.

First, let us look at the statement of Mr. Morse that "Never in the history of the world was wealth so widely diffused." On the contrary the concentration of wealth in the hands of a dominating minority in this country has been going on in the past two decades with an alarming rapidity. Mr. Lucier Sanial, an expert statistician and sociologist, has shown by careful analysis that in 1900, 250,251 persons possessed $67,000,000,000 out of a total of $95,000,000,000 given as the national wealth. And upon these figures as a basis Mr. Henry Laurens Call, in a paper read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Columbia University, in 1906, made the startling estimate that "one per cent of our population own ninety per cent of our total wealth."

In a book by John Spargo, an authority of recognized standing, published two years ago by the Macmillan Company, the indisputable evidence of the concentration of wealth is brought to our notice. He says: "In 1854 there were not more than twenty-five millionaries in New York City, their total fortunes aggregating $43,000,000. There were not more than fifty millionaires in the whole of the United States, their aggregate fortunes not exceeding $80,000,000. Today there are several individual fortunes of more than $80,000,000 each. Rockefeller is reported to be worth $900,000,000. New York City is said to have over two thousand millionaires and the United States more than five thousand.

It is interesting to put alongside of this statement of Spargo the statement of Senator La Follette in the United States Senate Mar. 24th, 1908, who quotes Mr. Pratt (editor of the Wall Street Journal, in an article in the World's Work, entitled "Our Financial Oligarchy," in which he calls attention to the fact that "seventy-six men dominate the nation's wealth, holding in round numbers, sixteen hundred directorships in the trusts and combinations of the country," to which every man, woman and child pays tribute for everything consumed. Mr. John Moody, author of Wall Street Publications, estimates the trust power of the United States at $20,379,000,000.

Let us look at the facts in the realm of agriculture. Henry M. Hyde, in the Technical World Magazine of January, 1909, is responsible for the following statement: "In 1870 there were only 3,400 farms in the United States that embraced more than 1,000 acres each. In 1880 this had been multiplied by nine—nearly 30,000. In 1900 the number of farms containing more than 1,000 acres had jumped to nearly 50,000, and increase of nearly 66 per cent. In 1900 more than thirty-five and a half out of every hundred were working land that belonged to somebody else, and that in a country where fifty years ago the refrain of a popular song ran:

"Come along, come along, don't you take alarm,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm."

So much for the "diffusion of wealth." How about the cost of living? While this alarming condition has developed the cost of living has naturally gone up. The masses have paid the necessary tribute to make the foregoing possible. I cite the Bulletin issued by the department of Commerce and Labor, for March 1912. According to the table on page 510 the prices of all commodities in 1911 were 44.1 per cent higher than in 1897. In other words, commodities that in 1897 cost $100 cost $144.10 in 1911. I could go much into detail in this, but the above Federal record is convincing. No argument or government statistics are necessary, however, for the struggle of the average man to meet monthly bills that climb steadily higher is sufficient evidence of indisputable facts. Abraham Lincoln said during the Civil War: "I see in the future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people, until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed."

The next logical question to ask and answer is, has the wage scale increased in proportion to the increase of the cost of living? By no means.

We have seen that the increase of the cost of living has been 44.1 per cent. But the same authority reports for the same period of years an increase of only 19 per cent in wages. Yet Mr. Morse states that "wealth is more widely diffused" than ever before. I would be pleased for the sake of facts if our brother would submit evidence to prove his assertion.

Reference has been made to child labor. Mr. Morse would have us believe that it is not so bad after all. Quoting from the address: "A gifted and most eloquent preacher, from his pulpit, in tones of startling solemnity, warned his hearers that child labor would bring this country to ruin; but when his congregation got their wind and realized that ninety-seven millions of people might hold their own against a few children that under extraordinary circumstances were laboring under harsh conditions, the solemnity of the language and the seriousness of the condition lost much of its weight." Too bad the congregation, professed followers of Christ, were not stirred to action. Too bad the superficial impulse roused by the "gifted and eloquent preacher" died out as quickly as it came, leaving the self-satisfied group of formal worshipers in a state of stagnant inertia. What would Jesus have done? Would He have settled back into the ease and luxury of his surroundings or have "made a scourge of small cords to drive them all out of the temple"?

Let us look at the facts. That done, each individual may judge for himself whether or not conditions warrant alarm and occasion the preacher to cry out with the Christ passion for social reconstruction. The statistical abstract of the U. S. for 1910, page 230, gives the total children in the United States, between the age of ten and fifteen years, 9,613,251. The same abstract also gives the total number of children of the same age working, 1,750,178. Senator Beveredge states that "there are some 60,000 children 14 years of age or under that work in the cotton mills of the south." Quoting John Spargo again he says, "If my little friend was 13, perhaps the nature of her employment will explain her puny, stunted body. She works in the steaming room of the flax mill. All day long in a room filled with clouds of steam she has to stand barefooted in pools of water, twisting coils of wet hemp. When I saw her she was dripping wet, though she said she had worn a rubber apron all day. In the coldest evenings of winter little Marie and hundreds of other little girls must go out from the superheated steaming room into the bitter cold in just that condition." A manufacturer is reported to have said, "We are a prolific race. If they die, there will be plenty more." Another one said, "I deplore this business but I am a part of a great industrial system, and so long as the system exists I must run my mills as other mills are run."

Owen R. Lovejoy, General Secretary National Child Labor Association says that 12,000 little boys ranging in age from 9 to 14 years are believed to be working in the coal breakers of the anthracite field. The gloom of the breakers is said to be appalling. Outside where children ought to 'grow in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man," the sun shines bright, and the birds sing in harmony with trees, rivers, and sky. Within black clouds of coal dust envelope the toilers. The harsh grinding noise of ponderous machinery and the incessant rushing of coal through the chutes fills the ears. Mr. Lovejoy says: "To sit over a stream of coal that pours a cloud of dust so thick that the light cannot penetrate; to be responsible for the exact separation from the coal of all slate and rock, depending often entirely upon the sense of touch; to suffer the stifling summer heat and the choice between the blasts that sweep the mountain tops and the cloud of smothering dust in the winter; to be conscious that the 'boss' stands behind with a stick or a small piece of coal to prompt to duty if the natural exuberance of childhood breaks out in playfulness or if backache induces a moment of forgetfulness; to have the hands cut and crippled and hardened by contact with the rough stones and bits of sharp-edged coal; to learn to control the nausea caused by swallowing quantities of coal dust, and by the feeling that one's throat and lungs are never clean—that is the description of the work these boys are called upon to do in the breakers."

It has been demonstrated that machinery can do the work these boys are required to do. Automatic slate-pickers are said to be practicable. But flesh and blood are cheaper commodities than iron and steel!

Space and time do not permit endless description of even more harrowing detail of the character of child-labor that caused the "gifted and most eloquent preacher to warn his hearers that child labor would bring this country to ruin." Whomever this preacher may be I am willing to subject myself to the same criticism for with him I believe that this nation cannot endure and perpetuate a system of industry that to use the irony of Mr. Morse "has torn the bread from the mouths of starving fathers and mothers, and chained their children to a wheel of industrial slavery that would make the lash that fell on the backs of the children of Israel a gentle love tap." That is all too true. God will not honor a nation that perpetuates slavery. The modern industrial slavery is far more heartless and deadening to human life than the chattel slavery of the south. We should be very careful that we get on the right side of the question. On March 17th, 1865, Abraham Lincoln said, "Whenever I hear any one arguing for slavery I feel a very strong impulse to see it tried on him personally." In connection with the foregoing the following should be noted:

According to authentic reports tomorrow morning 3,000,000 women will go to work at intolerable hours in the great factories of this country—3,00,000 of them! An appalling number. It exceeds the population of the entire state of California by over 600,000. These represent the future mothers of America: driven, for the most part, by economic necessity to modern industrialism that capitalists and corporations may roll up millions of unearned dollars.

I agree that the great question that confronts the pulpit today is this: "Is the nation becoming a godless nation?" But that godlessness lies deeper than an attempt to remove "In God we trust' from our coin." It lies rather at the root of our industrial system and it ought to be, to use the language of Mr. Morse, "the province of the preacher to sift out and to bring to his congregation the facts as they really are," not only "on temperance and all moral questions," but on questions of human justice and industrial democracy as well. "He must thunder the truth from his pulpit, let the blow fall where it will." "The nation that forgets God is shall perish"; it is therefore the duty of the preacher to see that "righteousness exalteth a nation."

With all my soul I am opopsed to the liquor traffic, but I cannot agree that "if all the energy now expended on social reforms were concentrated on the liquor traffic, in one year that evil would be eradicated." The condition in which men, women and children toil and live in a death struggle to maintain physical existence drives ot drink and debauch. How many of us would stand up under the strain and render unto our Maker an untarnished soul. Not until, as a nation, we have mastered the industrial problem will the liquor problem be solved.

Referring to another part of the paper: the race does not want "coddling." It demands opportunity. Man resents charity but cries for justice. True, "Savanorola, Martin Luther and John Knox hurled their anathemas at all sorts of sin and wickedness of their day," and I cannot imagine these champions remaining silent on the glaring sins, injustice, and opression of this age, were they living now.

The Italian who, "in 1872 packed garbage out of residences and factory for a living, and who in 1906 lost over two hundred thousand dollars worth of property, and had his bare land left, making him worth before the disaster upwards of a half million," is a unique and exceptional case. I do not mean to disparage his energy, thriftiness and foresight, all of which is commendable, but is it not a fact that his opportunity is not typical of the mass, and that he himself, in addition to his own initiatve and energy was swept into financial position by the fact of a great city growing up around him, and that thousands of other less favored "sons of toil" contributed to his worldly success?

Today life is so complex and men's lives so interwoven that as Paul said, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." A flurry on Wall street, that caused a demand for diamonds to increase, effects the income of the polisher of diamonds in Antwerp and the picker of diamonds in South Africa. The rich who wear the costly garments produced where disease lurks may themselves become infected by the germs that are woven in by the hands that toil. None is safe while modern industrial conditions prevail. Theodore Roosevelt said in Chicago June 17th, 1912: "None of us can really prosper permanently if by abuse our fellows are debased and degraded, if they are ground down and forced to live starved and sordid lives so that their souls are crippled like their bodies and the fine edge of their every feeling blunted."

I cannot agree with Mr. Morse that the "problem of the church today does not lie in child labor, social conditions and labor condtions." True, "with a lifeless church all of these are pressing and a living issue." Let the church champion the cause of the opressed! Would not the Master? I agree in the conclusion of the address, "It is for you, my brother, to establish religious conditions, inspired by the commission you bear from the living God who from the summit of Sinai sent the tables of stone, from the Sermon on the Mount sent the rule of life and conduct, from the Mount of Olives revealed the depths of his love, and on Calvary made the sacrifice that redeemed the world; here you are to find the truth you are to proclaim."

Let us see what that truth is. Beginning with the time of Moses we find that "they," referring to the capitalist class of that period, "did set over them taskmasters to afflict their burdens and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage." But those poorly fed, overworked, broken-spirited slaves "sighed by reason of their bondage, and they cried and their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage." The God of compassion and justice "heard their groaning" and saw their plight, saying, "I have surely seen the affliction of my people—I have seen the oppression wherewith the Egyptians oppress them." He accordingly spoke to Moses who was quick to catch the vision, and grasp the situation, and who had the moral courage to do as the Lord comanded. He became the first great champion, under Jehovah, of deliverance from industrial oppression. The revolution over, Moses and his revolutionary followers spake, saying, "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously."

So much for the historical bacground that out of the dim past reflects a more glorious social service performed by the Prophets in the 'land of plenty." The Moses vision of economic freedom and his moral courage possessed their souls. The "land of plenty became, in the course of time, a land of social inequality and industrial injustice. The rich became richer and the poor poorer. Plutocracy flourished while the masses toiled for a pittance and suffered the pangs of hunger. Bt the religious prophet-statesmen of that age lifted up their voices and cried out as our preachers ought to do today. Denouncing the oppressors of the people Isaiah cried out, 'Ye have eaten up the vine-

yard: the spoil of the poor is in your houses! What mean ye that ye beat my people in pieces, and grind the faces of the poor?"

Amos calls upon those who "sit in the corner of a couch and on the silken cushions, who oppress the poor and crush the needy," to repent! Micah denounces the "wicked balances" and the deceitful weights, for the rich men thereof are full of violence"—"They pluck off the skin of the poor, and their flesh from off their bones." There is need for Micas today! Who is not a helpless victim of the short weight and deceitful measure of modern trade?

Mr. Morse would have us "establish religious conditions." All very well. But ceremonial activity and religious formalism may become an empty mockery. "I hate, I loathe your festivals," saith the Lord through Amos; 'let justice roll down as waters and righteousness as a mighty stream!" Space does not permit justice to the social message of the prophets.

Coming briefly to the method and message of Jesus we find him giving a death-blow to ceremonial formalism and exalting the personal worth of every human soul. When he prayed it was not to my Father or to thy Father but to our Father. Thus he launched the basic idea of a true democracy. In addition to loving God He commanded us to love our neighbor as ourselves. In the parable of the Good Samaritan he taught us that our neighbors are those oppressed and in distress. Upon the pious Pharisee, the Levite, and the priest he hurled his stinging invectives. I cannot imagine the Christ suffering in the garden and dying on the cross merely to establish formal religion. He came rather to set the captive free, 'that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." In America we boast of our democracy. We have secured only political democracy; democracy at the polls. In the industrial realm where thousands of men, women and children toil, live and die, democracy is only a dream. The Christ will reign there eventually. Industrial democracy is the next logical step in the evolution of government and the coming of the Christ Kingdom.

Mr. Morse asks, "Why has the church lost so much of its influence, that it no longer is considered a controlling force in the community?" There are three chief raesons. First, not because it has swung loose from "old theology" long since obsolete, but rather because it has not quite gripped fully the new. There is a new theology, vital and effective. But the modern interpretation does not fully possess the church. In proportion that it does an illuminating Christ message flashes forth to redeem and revitalize lost humanity. Second, sectarianism has run to seed. The thousands of over-churched communities that are burdened with the task of perpetuating dead creeds and dying institutions that have no longer a separate and distinct message invite disrespect and breeds contempt for the church. Third, the church is delivering, with some exceptions, an individualistic message. So far that is good. It is even fundamental. But in addition to a personal message, there should be a social one. The nation is in the throes of industrial revolution. Has the church no message for the masses who cry out for industrial freedom? whose God says, "I have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters? No? Then let us ask not further the cause of the masses falling away from the church. It is apparent!

Upon this subject Prof. Rauschenbusch has this to say: "Our age has outgrown the old social order. It is aching in its old organization, and straining for the new." And he points out the reason why men are falling away from the church and even attacking: it is because it is caught between the two factors of the class war. "It espouses neither and is attacked by both."

When the church is fully awake to the new interpretation of scripture, has obliterated its useless sectarianism that is perpetuated chiefly to maintain respectable formality, and places its influence on the side of the oppressed, "whose lives are made bitter with hard labor," it will be honored of God.

'My word shall not return unto me void." "I am the resurrection and the life." "He that believeth on me though he were dead yet shall he live."

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA

San Francisco, Chinese.—Four persons united with the church last Sunday on confession.

Oakland, Ward Memorial.—A new ornamental fence has been placed around the church building.

Oakland, First.—The Guild sale this year netted $350, which was $50 more than at any previous sale.

Berkeley, Park.—The new building will be dedicated next Sunday at 3 o'clock. The sermon will be by the Rev. A. W. Palmer of Oakland.

Palo Alto.—Reports at the annual meeting last week showed all bills paid, with money left in the treasury, and benevolences pledged up to March, 1914.

Oakland, Boulevard.—Three art glass windows have been placed in the church building, by the Ladies' Aid, the Sunday-school and the young people's societies.

Los Angeles, First.—The Rev. Dr. Warren F. Day completed his 18th pastoral year with this church last Sunday. During this period 3,247 persons have been received to membership.

Niles.—Next Sunday evening Rabbi Meyer will speak in the Congregational Church at Niles, the meeting being under the auspices of The Men's League. The Rabbi has spoken here before so acceptably that he was invited again.

San Francisc, Richmond.—The pulpit was occupied last Sunday morning by Rev. Geo. H. DeKay, and in the evening by Rev. A. G. Mills a Presbyterian minister. The church has invited Mr. DeKay to assume charge of its services until such time as it shall call another pastor, and he will do so.

North Berkeley.—The boys orchestra of the North Berkeley Sunday School went to Angel Island last Sunday evening, and led the music at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. services. Mr. Harry Fowden, the organizer and leader, is bring this orchestra to a point of efficiency that is very helpful to the Sunday School.

North Berkeley.—The lot on Oxford street has been sold for $2,500. This leaves ground 208 by 75 feet for church purposes, of which the present building occupies 68 by 75 feet. The plan is to build ere long an auditorium adjoining the present building, at a cost of ten or twelve thousand dollars, leaving the building now in use to be used for Sunday-school and social purposes. This year's bazaar netted the ladies $300 dollars.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—Among the fifteen persons uniting with the church at the last communion service were several young men and young women. All of the fifteen except two were adults. The pastor, Rev. E. E. Youtz, is assisted in the church service by a vested choir of twenty voices, led by a trained singer. Nearly all the singers are members of the church. At the Thanksgiving union service of the

East Oakland churches, Mr. Youtz preached the sermon to a most appreciative audience, from the text, "O, give thanks unto the Lord for he is good." Mr. and Mrs. Youtz are greatly beloved by the church, and are making a most favorable impression in the community.

Berkeley, First.—The First Congregational Church of Berkeley had an exceptionally fine annual meeting Wednesday evening of last week. After a pleasant social time in the auditorium and around the dinner table the annual reports were given, all of which were gratifying. The report of the treasurer showed that $8,042.79 had been expended in current expenses, etc. Of this amount $1,534 was on the indebtedness on the building, for which pledges were made in 1910 to be paid within 30 months. For benevolences the pledges for the year 1912 were about $2,308—about $71 short of the apportionment. But plans were laid to bring in the full amount. A budget of $8,000 was adopted for 1913. A new room for use of the Sunday-school is to be arranged in the southwest corner of the building at a cost of $1,000. Arrangements have been made with Mrs. Geo. D. Castor to act as pastor's secretary, giving half her time to this work. The membership of the church the 1st of November was 602, there being in this number 130 absentees. The additions during the year were 45, but removals and death left a net gain of only eight. The Woman's Association reported receipts to the amount of $620.35. The average Sunday-school attendance for six months was 204. The church has arranged for an every-member canvass for pledges for current expenses and benevolences for 1913.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF RIVERSIDE.

Sunday, Dec. 1st, was a memorable day for First Congational Church of Riverside, the event being the laying of corner stone of the new $100,000 edifice.

Nearly two thousand people gathered at 7th and Lemon streets to witness the beautiful corner stone ceremony. The inscription on the corner-stone being "First Congregational Church, organized 1872; this building erected 1912-1913. Built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner stone." The tablet which was unveiled bore this inscription, "Dedicated to the Glory of God and the service of men. What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy and walk humbly with thy God."

After sacred music by the Indian Band of Sherman Institute, and introductory remarks by Rev. Horace Porter, the pastor, an address was made by the Rev. Dr. Meredith of Pasadena. The prayer was by the Rev. E. F. Goff of Claremont, a former pastor. Participating in the exercises were the Rev. Dr. Hunter of Calvary Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Holt of First Baptist, Dr. Van Arnam of First Methodist, Dr. Dotten of All Souls Episcopal, Rev. G. M. Anderson of First Christian, and Rev. Mr. Carrier of the Universalist Church. The corner stone was laid by the trustees, the records deposited by Mayor Peters and the unveiling of the tablet was by Mrs. G. F. Ward, Mrs. Horace Porter, Mrs. N. V. Hutchings and Miss M. P. Lyman.

We feel this is a new era in our church and Sunday-school life. A field for larger service on the part of both. Great enthusiasm is being shown in the Sunday-school, especially along missionary lines. Our home missionary thank offering was $35. It is gratifying to see the missionary spirit taking hold of our younger classes. Many classes have already sent gifts, clothing, etc., to the home and foreign field for Xmas. Our scholars are looking forword with eagerness to the completion of our new building, when we will be well equipped for earnest, consecrated service for the Master.

E. D. H.

WASHINGTON.

North Yakima Pastor A Leader In A Movement In Sex-Hygiene.

Rev. E. A. King of North Yakima, has rendered a notable service to his city and to the National Movement in Sex-hygiene, as Chairman of a Committee appointed by the city authorities.

This committee, composed of seven representative citizens, prepared five circulars of eight pages each, combining and rewriting the literature from various Sex-Hygiene Societies in New York, Spokane, Portland and Seattle. The circulars are not only well edited but well printed.

The Department of Health of the city has published 5,000 sets of these pamphlets and proposes to distribute them to every family in the city.

The notable feature of the movement is that the circulars, "For Parents," "For Boys," "For Girls," "For Young Women" "For Young Men" are all the property of the Health Department and are being thoroughly circulated as a health measure.

The Committee appointed by the city committee, consisted of Rev. E. A. King, Charles E. Keeler, M. D. of the State Board of Medical Examiners, Thomas Tetreau, M. D. City Health Officer, Hon. L. O. Meigs, William Worthington, formerly of Whitman College, Mrs. Wallis Williams, of the Women's Clubs and Mrs. F. C. Whitney, of the W. C. T. U.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle, Prospect.—The year 1912 has been the banner year in the history of this church. The Sunday School has outgrown its present quarters, and an annex is being built. The church membership is 102, seventeen having been added this year. All current expenses have been met as well as the apportionment for benevolences. Robert Storrs Osgood is pastor.

West Seattle.—The new auditorium of the West Seattle Congregational Church was dedicated last Sunday. In the construction of the new edifice a part of the old building was used, but practically a new structure was erected. The main auditorium will seat 400 and an adjoining room about the same number. Among the persons taking part in the dedicatory service were Dr. Van Horn of Plymouth Church, Hugh Elmer Brown of Pilgrim, H. C. Mason of University Church, Rev. R. S. Osgood of Prospect, Geo. Kindred who was the first pastor, Superintendent Scudder and Dr. Samuel Greene.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the address or paper will be given by the Rev. R. W. Rogers. Subject, "The Man Who Went to Sleep in Church."

The Home.

A SWEET REMINDER.

Jeannette Blackwood.

The poem here given was suggested by the words of a little three-year-old girl to her grandmother. Using her baby expression for grandma, the little one asked, "Ta-ta, is your finder hurt?" When the grandmother answered, "Yes, dear, it is a poor broken finger," the child's query was, "Well, fy don't 'yo do back to Dod and let him fix it?"

Back to our Father's heart and care and love,
All bruised and broken by the world's rough dole;
After each toilsome day to look above
And find our strength renewed, our hearts made whole.

To feel his presence when the spirit faints,
And doubt o'er faith's strong-hold almost prevails;
To know when we return with our complaints
The promise of his healing never fails.

Father, we thank thee for thy saving grace.
Thy strength sufficient is unto the day,
And when we turn us from thy gracious face
Wilt Thou appoint a child to lead the way!

Berkeley, Cal.

ARE YOU SELFISH?

All mothers and many wives are supposed to be unselfish. Are you?

Perhaps you have never thought much about it, but have taken it for granted that you value the happiness and comfort of others more than your own.

Suppose we begin with a driect personal examination. How about your temper? Do you keep that in good control? Or do you snap out at your children or your husband when you happen to be busy or worried?

"For the love of mercy, shut that door. Do you think I want all the flies in the country in my kitchen?"

Does that have a familiar sound? I have heard something much like it in a number of families. But is it kind to put your request that the door should be closed in that sharp form, rendered more severely, probably, by the tone in which it is spoken? It may be easier to scold than to speak gently, but does that render it any less selfish? You make other persons uncomfortable because it is less trouble than to command your voice and your speech. Selfishness Number One.

Another like it is sulkiness or sullenness and springs from the same source—an imperfectly controlled temper.

"My husband was never sullen during all the fifty years of our married life," I heard a woman say once, and I thought at the time it could be put alongside of the epitaph written by a man above his wife, "She was so pleasant!"

Are you sullen when things go the wrong way? Do you ever cherish a 'gloom"?—to use an expressive bit of slang Has it occurred to you how abominably selfish it is for you to indulge your own tendency to depression when the cloud on your face darkens the day for all about you?

Silence is a third form of selfishness. I don't mean that you need to keep up a constant gabble, but that with you—if you are the wife and mother—lies the pleasant conduct of any meal or family gathering. You strike the keynote for the rest. If you will not take the trouble to rouse yourself from lassitude or annoyance or worry to make conversation, to chat happily about matters which will interest the rest of the household and lead them to agreeable talk, what is your silence but selfishness?

Along the same line is another of the most painful forms of self-indulgence—sensitiveness.

We all know the sensitive woman! She is easily hurt, she accepts slights, whether they are meant or not; she applies to herself critical remarks not intended for her; one must always be on the lookout not to wound her feelings. What is such sensitiveness but selffishness? She is so busy thinking about herself and her precious feelings that she cannot consider the comfort of anyone else, and her excuse—which should be her shame—is "I am so sensitive!"

If you have been in the habit of saying that, change the phrase and say, "I am so selfish!" and see if you repeat the remark quite so often or with such complacency!

All these four points of selfishness are, in a way, personal. How about the more active forms of selfishness? Are any of these to your account?

Do you think more of your home than of the people who live in it? If you do, how does your preference show itself?

One such display of selfishness may take the shape of strict system. Now, I, myself, have a strong regard for system, and think it ought to be part of every housekeeper's stock in trade, but there is such a thing as carrying it too far and converting it into a nuisance.

For example the system which makes it a crime to be late at meals. That I hold to be a most uncomfortable form of selfishness.

"But aren't the people who are late selfish, too?"

Certainly they are! But we are not talking about them now? We are speaking of you, the wife and mother. Don't you think it is selfish for you to have a "grouch" when your husband is delayed or the children have been playing and have forgotten the hour? Do you think it teaches consideration for others when you fret all during a meal because someone has been hindered in getting there on time? I acknowledge that it is very trying to think the dinner has been injured by standing, but in the name of common sense, isn't it bad enough without making people unhappy mentally beside? Do you believe crossness on your part really inclines them to be more prompt next time, and even if it does, do you wish to win that promptness through their fear of you? Try if you don't get better results by a gentle protest than by scolding and nagging.

Selfishness Number Six may be an unwillingness to have company.

I don't refer to big functions, but chance guests. Was there ever a man who did not glory in feeling that he could take home a friend to a meal when he pleased? It is a very simple pleasure—the sort we like to encourage in the men belonging to us—but do you grant it? Or are you selfish enough to think of the trouble to you when your husband or one of your children brings in a friend to dinner? I know it may make extra work, but are not the comfort and happiness, the love of home the privilege fosters, worth effort and inconvenience? Aren't you selfish when you refuse it?

Try not to be selfish when he wants to read his paper, with the shades up and the blinds open. Naturally, you like the house kept dark. All housekeepers do, and all men hate it. Consider if you have any really good reasons for your wish or if it is not rather selfish for you to be unwilling to resign the drawn shades and curtains, the closed blinds, at such times as you husband is made more comfortable by the glare of light you dislike.

If you have young people in the house, do you always stay awake at night until they come in and then tell them about it next morning? This is as objectionable a form of selfisshness as I know, and I advise you to vanquish it at once.

"I never close my eyes until I know everyone is in the house," I have heard mothers say, and they apparently thought their course showed great devotion and self-sacrifice. It doesn't do anything of the kind! They merely destroy the enjoyment of evening outings and make people feel ill at ease and guilty. How would you like it yourself? Did you have it when you were young and did you find it agreeable?

Selfishness Number Nine—which might also have been Number One, Two, and Three and several more from its viciousness—is Nagging! Do you nag?

Scolding, when deserved, is permissible; admonition and caution are often necessary and desirable, but nagging is intolerable and inexcusable. And when you come down to it, you nag not so much for the reason that the thing you condemn is actually bad, as because you don't like it! There's a big difference, too!

Have I put it all on the mother? If so, it is because you are the head and front of the family so far as demeanor and discipline are concerned, the one who holds the happiness and comfort of the household in your hands and sets the example the others will follow. They will be affected and moved to imitation when you lay aside points of selfishness and put in their place points of thoughtfulness and consideration.

Gentleness of speech is perhaps the most important of these. This blesses you who give and the others who take, since it leads them to corresponding kindliness. The soft answer turns away wrath now as well as it did in Solomon's time.

Understanding is another point of unselfishness—the comprehension which is not wounded when hurt is not meant, no matter what the spoken word may have been, the self-forgetting love which grasps a situation and meets it without explanation.

"You always understand!" When that has been said to you, have you not felt it about the highest praise you could win?

Twin sister to this unselfishness is tolerance, which is ready to permit others to differ and to hold opposite views without clashing and resentment. Close to these is the readiness to forgive.

"My dear father forgives as we like to hope God forgives," a friend told me once. "When I go to him and say I am sorry for a wrong I have done, that ends it. He has blotted out as a thick cloud my transgression. There is no 'hang-over'!"

"Mother, you make it very hard for me to ask your pardon," I heard a boy say. "When I tell you I am sorry—and it's not easy to do, either—you say, 'I hope you will be more careful next time,' or 'I forgive you, but I feel you were very wrong to act as you did!' "

That mother thought too much of herself and the injury she had received to grasp the sinner's point of view. She needed to learn unselfish forgiveness.

Interest—genuine interest in the affairs of others—is one of the grains of unselfishness which makes most for family happiness. If you are the right sort of mother, you probably have it. Keep it bright by use. Enter into the sports and pursuits of your husband and children, as well as into their graver concerns, even though you don't care for the former.

'I go to all the games and simulate mad enthusiasm, but I have never been able to learn what it is all about," confessed a mother to me, returning from a baseball game with her two sons, and I understood as never before the close and satisfactory relations existing between her and her children.

Does this seem alien to the unselfishness which stays at home cheerfully from pleasures it has not strength to share or in which circumstances forbid it to take part?

"My mother always feels hurt if she is not invited everywhere I am," complained a young married woman. "It makes her wretched to be left out of anything to which I am asked." The selfishness that thought first of personal gratification had been favored by the older woman until it had reached the point where denial of indulgence brought positive pain. Learn to be happy in the happiness of others while you are still able to acquire the habit.

One of the most popular elderly mothers I know is always the center of attraction at parties of young people because of the pains she takes to entertain them. She tells them stories, she asks them questions that lead them on to talk. "Grandmother is such fun!" they say. She possesses the variety of unselfishness that seeks to make other people contented in the way that pleases them—not in the way she herself would prefer.

With like examples of unselfishness I could go on indefinitely. The consideration which shows itself in such apparent trifles as recollecting and making a favorite dish for one of the family, that is not too self-absorbed to recognize even concealed discomfort in another and to advise means of relief, that makes talk at the breakfast table, despite aching head and racked nerves, that plans parties and merrymakings for the young people of the household—I could give many more than ten to offset the ten points of selfishness I have recorded. When you, who are mothers, conquer the latter and practice the former, you have done more than win victories for yourselves. You have blazed the trail which may become a wide way for the feet of all the others in your households.—Christine Terhune Herrick in the Continent.

Still everything in balance true
Works on the lines primeval set,
The rabbit to the lion grew,
And man is growing yet.—James Stephens.

Life will mingle you rue and roses;
The roses will fall at your feet:
But deep in the rue
That their leaves bestrew
The bitter will smell of the sweet.
— Michael Field.

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And full these truths eternal
O'er the yearning spirit steal,
That the real is the ideal,
And the ideal is the real.—Joaquin Miller.

For The Children.

NANCY'S BIRD TREE.

Perhaps you don t know that right in front of the house where Nancy lived—the little brown house on the edge of of the wood—grew a beautiful, big holly tree. It wasn't really exactly in front, that is, not in the middle, because, of course, the path ran up the middle of the front yard, straight from the wooden gate, and if the tree had grown there you would have been obliged to go around it every time you came to the front door, the tree was so big and the path was so narrow. Not that that would have mattered very much after all, for nobody ever came to see Nancy and her grandmother unless they were invited, and the only time that had happened was on Nancy's birthday when her grandmother had given her a party; of course the minister came twice a year, once in summer and once in winter, and the doctor had been twice when Nancy had the measles; and the boy came every day with the milk, only he didn't count, as he always came the back way and wiped his feet every time—I'd just like grandmother to catch him coming to the front door! But what is all this talk about, anyway? As if the holly tree grew any place but just where it did grow—in front of the house to the right as you stood on the porch, and directly in front of Nancy's own bedroom window.

How Nancy loved that tree! To her it was more beautiful than any tree either in her grandmother's small yard or in the big forest beyond.

"I think I love it best, daddy," she tried to explain to her father, who was a sailor and was seldom at home, "because it doesn't get brown and ugly like all the other trees when the winter comes—it just stays shining green and grows O, such pretty red balls. Daddy, I do love it best."

And another time Nancy told her father that she wondered why the birds never built their nests in her dear holly tree.

"Always in the oak and the maple, and on grandmother's porch, way up in the top, but not in my tree. Why don't they, daddy?"

And her father just laughed and said that was one of the things he didn't know.

"I can look at that cloud and tell you it'll squall to-morrow, and so you'd a sight better get your hat and trudge to town with me today, but I cant' tell about your birds, although I was born a country boy," said Nancy's father.

Nancy looked at him with great happiness shining in her soft eyes; she was very proud of him, even if he didn't know everything, and said, gravely:

"P'raps it's because the leaves are so prickly; I shouldn't like to live in such a stick-in-your-finger house, would you, daddy?"

And daddy said not he, indeed.

But all this was in the long green summer, when the trees seemed to be whispering to each other all day bending low that their leaves might touch; and the bird sang and the sparrows chirped and sometimes quarreled; and now it was the brown and hard and cold, O, so cold winter.

It had begun to snow in the morning and Nancy's grandmother told her that she could make herself contented at home, for it was out of the question to think of walking all that way to school on such a day.

"And it's going to snow all day, and tomorrow, too, most likely," she added.

So Nancy took her books and sat down near the kitchen window, but she didn't study much; there was such a beautiful storm going on outside, with great white flakes coming down softly and covering the great brown trees, and the cold brown earth, and the dull brown fence, making them all lovely; and then she thought of her father and hoped he was safe in port and not on the sea as he often was even in a storm. Soon it was dinnertime and she and her grandmother had rather a silent meal, and after she had helped wash the dishes and tidy up the kitchen, grandmother settled down in the big rocker with her knitting and was soon fast asleep.

Then Nancy began to feel very lonely, and after walking softly about the room she began to think of her holly tree, as she had seen it that morning, bright with its shining green leaves and beautiful red berries. She thought of it so long and wanted so much to see it, the one green thing in this brown and white world, that she thought she must go to the front of the house and see it again.

She would not dare to open the front door or the front room without her grandmother's permission, and she was fast asleep. So Nancy stood quite still, thought a minute, and then crept softly out of the room and up the narrow stairs to her own little room. That, too, looked white and cold, and Nancy shivered as she walked to the window.

There was the holly tree, its green leaves shining through the snow falling swiftly upon them; but O, where were the berries, the beautiful red berries that had gladdened her eyes that morning? Not one was in sight, but in their places were hundreds of twinkling little brown bodies, devouring greedily the bounteous meal the berries made.

When Nancy woke the next morning the first thing she did was to spring out of bed and run to the window, in her nightie, bare feet and all. There was the holly tree, tall and white and green, stripped bare of the red berries that brightened it the day before. It was still snowing a little and a few saucy sparrows were hopping about looking very well fed indeed.

After that Nancy no longer spoke of the tree as her holly tree; she still loved it best, but now she called it her "bird tree."—Anne Randolph.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Harry and Frances had been spending a month at Cloverdale with Grandmother Curtis. They were first cousins, and had seen each other that summer for the first time, most of Harry's life having been spent in the Far South; but at a place like Cloverdale, becoming very well acquainted is a matter finished up in short order.

To-day, though, with the last week of the visit drawing to a close, with a driving-blinding rain on the rampage outside, drenching all the beautiful play-places, the two forlorn prisoners within had almost begun to tire of one another the least bit. When Uncle Ralph passed through the sitting-room in a great rubber coat that made him look like a leather-winged bat, and a slanting "rain hat" over his face, he nearly stumbled across the disconsolate Frances in a heap on the hassock, and did run into Harry, standing idly in the middle of the room.

"Mercy alive!" cried Uncle Ralph, pushing up his hat, "you two remind me of wet-feathered hens!"

He was on his way to the postoffice, but he took time to inquire into this strange state of dissatisfaction. "I see," he nodded, when they had finished, "Out-of-doors is full of charms, but when it gets to be deep in puddles, you fancy there's nothing left you. Now, really, numbers of nice jolly things can be done under an old roof—names, for instance."

Harry and Frances wanted to know immediately how you did names.

"Why, this way," Uncle Ralph replied. "Here are two little blankbooks and two sharpened pencils. You and Frances draw up chairs to the table, write out your full name, each of you, and proceed to see how many common nouns you can make out of them. The play is, pretending that you are going to have all those things, and seeing who will be richest. You, Harry, are to work with your name and Frances with hers, and no letter is to be used twice. Let's see who'll come off winner."

He was up and out of the door with the last word, and before the tail of his rubber coat had entirely disappeared Frances and Harry were bending industriously over the table, rain forgotten, eyes and hands busy.

"This is great!" cried Harry, his pencil traveling up and down over "Harry Fleet Dickinson" with excited flourishes. "I believe I'm going to have all kinds of nice things!"

But Frances was too excited to hear him, having already written down one word from "Frances Bloxton Curtis," and being eagerly on the hunt for another.

Such fun as they had, presently, comparing notes! Harry discovered "candy" for himself in short order, and, a little later, with a shout, "knife." "I'm richer than you—you can't beat those!" he told his neighbor.

"Why can't I?" laughed Frances, lifting a flushed little face, "when I've got 'fruit' and 'box'? Why, a box might have 'most anything in it—it might be a jewel-box, or a work-box, or—or"—her imagination failed her for a minute.

Then they went to work to search for more articles, and found them, and were at the height of a jolly discussion as to which was better off, when the door opened and Uncle Ralph looked in. An hour had actually sped by while the two were digging for hidden treasure. They glanced at each other astonished.

"If somebody will come and help me out of my wet togs," said Uncle Ralph, "I'll bring in your things."

"What things?" chorused the cousins, tugging at strap and button.

"What articles you discovered in your names, of course." And there were sundry parcels, knotty and mysterious, to be carried in, untied and unwrapped with hurrying fingers.

"My fruit," cried Frances, "and I was so thirsty!"

"My candy," Harry called, opening a paper of chocolates. "And, oh, my knife, Uncle Ralph!"

Their uncle was grinning like a youngster, as indeed he was in heart.

"One more, Fantie," he said. "I had wide choice in that, but I thought I decided on what you'd like." And Frances pulled the last paper from a big paint-box, complete with brushes and colors.

"Harry Dickinson," she announced, jumping up and down, "you are poor compared to me!"

But Harry, examining his new knife at the window, declared that he did not agree with her.

When Uncle Ralph had been thanked until he said that he "ached with thanks," Frances asked, suddenly:

"But how did you know what we had found in our names?"

"I did a little figuring to myself on the way to the office," Uncle Ralph told her. "I was anxious to make you two wet chickens forget the rain."

Frances had already begun on a work of art, and her cousin was sharpening pencils with tremendous skill.

"We've truly forgotten it," they answered together, and Harry added:

"Then, too, we've found that there are lots of interesting things for people to do with themselves if they'll only look around."—Sunday-school Times.

THE LONESOME DOLLIES.

On morning Isabel didn't want to go to kindergarten.

"I know my dollies are so lonesome without me," she whined.

"Don't you think that they can get along better without you than the little kindergarten girls and boys can? They will miss you in their pretty games."

That was what mamma said.

Isabel shook her head, "My dollies want me to stay with them," she insisted.

"All right," mamma told her, "you may stay at home today, and see how you like it."

At four o'clock in the afternoon Isabel's dearest friend, Constance, came to ask if she was sick.

'No," laughed Isabel, "my dollies were lonesome, so mamma let me stay home with them."

"Oh! you ought to have gone!" cried Constance. "Teacher taught us a lovely new game. We all stood up in a row, and teacher dropped candy into our mouths."

"Oh! oh!" gasped Isabel.

"We all had our eyes shut," Constance went on; "and we had to guess what the candy was flavored with. It was splendid candy. I had lemon and chocolate and sassafras."

"Oh!" said Isabel, "I'm going to-morrow."

"But what will your dollies do?" mamma asked, smiling.

"I—guess—they won't mind—much," answered Isabel, hanging her head.

The next morning Isabel trotted off to kindergarten with Constance; but there was no candy game that day, or the next, or the next. In fact, it was a long week before the new game was tried again. Then Isabel enjoyed it as much as anybody.

"I'm not going to stay at home from kindergarten any more," she said.

"Even if the dollies are lonesome?" laughed her brother.

'I guess I wanted my dollies more than they wanted me," confessed Isabel, shyly.—Emma C. Dowd, in The Child's Hour.

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Mother had made Jimmie's new pants too small. He complained, saying, "These pants are tighter than my skin." "Oh, no, dear," said his mother, "that can't be." "Oh, yes, it can," insisted Jimmie. 'I can sit down in my skin and I can't in these pants!"—Ex.

SPEED.

Speed is our one predominant desire—
"We want to get there!" is our ceaseless cry;
Not that we always know—should one inquire—
Just where it is we want to get, or why:

But to be going at the utmost pace!—
Naught less will answer to our sleepless need;
Who dares to walk must bear his own disgrace—
There is an aristocracy of speed.

We rush along the country roads and lanes—
Our vision blinded by the things we see;
We race the winds in palace-flying trains—
And two such exploits breed monotony.

We talk too fast to cultivate the art
Of virile, vitalizing speech—and hence,
Usurpers hold the throne once set apart
For that imperial grace called eloquence.

We think too fast to formulate our thought
In logic's firm but finely fashioned mold;
We wreck to-day what yesterday was wrought—
We lift the matrix ere the bronze is cold.

We build too fast to make the structure strong;
Our swift hands fail to keep the plumb-line true;
Our ears are caught by every clamorous gong—
And we drop old truths in skeltering toward the new!—The Rev. Fred Clare Baldwin, D. D., in the Western Christian Advocate.

Nan's mother heard her crying after she had gone to bed, and, upon inquiry, learned that the child, having heard for the first time the parable of the sheep and the goats, was in terror lest she should "be a goat."

Her grandfather, a clergyman, tried to comfort Nan, and finally succeeded in convincing her that if she led a "godly, righteous, and sober life" she need not fear the objectionable classification. However, the next night Nan was again the victim of her emotions, and her mother insisted that the scene of the previous night must not be repeated.

"But, oh, mama," sobbed the child, "this is different. Grandfather explained all about me, and I am not afraid for myself now. But, oh, mama, what if you should be a goat?".—Ex.

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